The Caſe is Alter'd now:

OR, THE

CONVERSION

OF

ANTHONY,

King of Poland,

Publiſhed for Satisfaction of the

Sanctifyed Brethren.

EV'n as a *Lyon*, with his Paws uprear'd,
As he would tare in pieces all the Herd:
So of late days, you *Whiggs*, as Rampant were;
An honeſt *Tory* ſcarce to ſpeak did dare.
Nay, it was almoſt an offenſive thing;
The *Bell-Man* ſcarce dar'd cry, *God ſave the King!*
Thou, my dear *Titus*, and the *Popiſh Plot*,
Did'ſt fire my Zeal, and make my Head ſo hot,
That then I whiſpered loud into the Nation,
Now, now's the nick of Time for *Reformation.*
You huff't and hector'd at a lofty rate,
When *Parliaments* of your own Mettle ſate;
As if you had o're-grown the King and Laws,
And were beginning a New *Good Old Cauſe.*
But Remedy in Seaſon did appear,
And ſtop't the Fury of your hot Carreer.
Thus for a while I danc'd to my own Pipe,
Till I was grown *Aſſociation*-ripe.
But then *Addreſſes* from each County came,
And *Loyalty* did ſoon put out the Flame.
Then was the time, that *Tybourn* claim'd his Due;
But had it not for want of ſuch as You:

Yet

Yet it had ſome ſmall Satisfaction giv'n,
By the deſerved Death of *Traitour Stephen.*
Cabals, and Factious Clubs ſo rife were grown,
And old Rebellious Seed ſo thick were ſown,
I hop't ere this, the Day would be my own.
In *Coffee-Houſes* you did domineer,
And pratled *Treaſon* without Wit or Fear.
Reaſon and *Loyalty* you over-rul'd;
And ſettled Nations, whil'ſt your *Coffee* cool'd.
The Point you argued with a ſurly Face;
And he that did not yield, and give you Place,
Was term'd by you a *Tory*, void of Grace.
One Houſe, one Town, one Kingdom ſcarce could hold
Tory and *Whigg*, Sir *Whigg* was grown ſo bold.
For this Recital, Sirs, pray do not blame us,
We ne'r baulk't Juſtice by our *Ignoramus.*
No, no, you meant no Harm, I oft was told;
No more did your Rebelling Sires of old.
Thus, for a while, with Factious Rage you burn'd;
But, Heav'n be thank't, the Scales at laſt are turn'd:
The Wheell, at length, is mov'd a little round,
And its worſt Pieces loweſt to the Ground.
The State has found a way to cool our Feavors,
Quench our new Lights, and curb our ſtrong Endeavours;
And we are taught Complyance with more Eaſe,
To *What*, and *When*, and *How* the *King* ſhall pleaſe.
We to your Private Meetings now can come;
And ſeize your *Holder-forth*, and ſend *You* Home;
Meet *You* at *Guild-Hall*, or Elſewhere; and then,
Help *You* make Choice of Loyal Honeſt Men.
The Memory and Name of *Moor* be bleſt;
That Loyal Preſident for all the reſt.
Let *Faction* ceaſe, and *Loyalty* get Ground.
Til not ore *Whigg* be in the Nation found:
Then we le rejoyce, as in the Days of Yore,
And *Salamanca's* ſhall be known no more.

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for *J. P.* in the Year, 1683.